

OPENING ODE.

Hail, Brother Knights! may we who meet
Here, with one heart agree,—
Our work perform with concord sweet
And pure fidelity.

Each in the other's cares take part
With sympathetic grace;
Let love flame in each Knightly heart
Adorn each Knightly face.

Within these Castle walls no sound
Of discord e'er may rise—
May faith and honor here be found
With all their Knightly ties!

Love for one God and love for all
Who bear his fair impress,
Will sooth us on this earthly ball,
And then in glory bless.

CLOSING ODE.

Sir Knights, while hurried by the strife
That presses every active life,
Be ever guarded, never dare
To soil the armor that you wear.
'Tis not the stain upon the sword,
But falsehood to our Knightly word:
Our flag may fall, our swords may rust
But spotless be each brother's trust.

PILGRIM'S DEGREE.

Welcome, pilgrims, welcome here,
Let our song thy spirit cheer;
Ever faithful thou must prove,
Until death doth thee remove.

To our altar now repair.
Bowing thou in rev'rence there,
Let thy vow to heaven ascend,
Keep thee faithful to the end.

In yon wild and drear abode
Dwells our sire in solitude,
Mournful sounds the chapel bell
On the ear with solemn knell.

Facing there the Eagle Knight,
With his torch and shield so bright,
Learn thou in this solemn hour,
Our first motto's potent power.

Faith, the star that guides our cause,
Sheds its beams upon our laws;
Safe through life we'll ever stray,
Upwards to the realms of day.

KNIGHT'S DEGREE.

Hail, Eagle Knights! ever brave and ever strong,
Gird on your armor and be marching along;
Our bugle is sounding our cause to advance,
So up and be ready with sword and with lance.

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along!
Glory awaits us, if we're valiant and strong,
Our banners are waving, and conquer we must;
Jehovah, great chieftain, in Thee do we trust!

Our hearts are as true as our tried blades of steel;
Our shields are as bright as the hopes that we feel;
Jehovah invites us and calls us away:
Then up and be ready the call to obey.

CHO.—Marching along, etc.

The Lord is our Chief in this Knightly crusade,
No foe can o'ercome us when He lends his aid,
The conquest is sure, tho' the foe may be strong,
Up with our banners and be marching along.

CHO.—Marching along, etc.

Then onward, Sir Knights, till the victory is won;
Press onward, like Eagles, toward the bright sun;
When our foes are vanquished, our song it shall be
"Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free!"

CHO.—Marching along, etc.

CRUSADER'S DEGREE.

Jehovah, Lord, our Shield,
May we for glory wield
Our sword and lance.
In faith our hearts unite,
With val'rous zeal to invite
Each courteous Eagle Knight
Our cause to advance.

In Thee, oh Lord, we trust;
Let not our armor rust,
But keep it bright
Our honor to maintain,
Our Banner ne'er to shame;
Thy glory ever claim
By deeds of right.

And when the crusade's done,
The battle fought and won,
The cross laid down.
Oh, Saviour, Lord, with thee,
In Thy blest world so free,
May we Thy glories see,
And wear the crown.